

Faces of COVID



On November 27, the day after Thanksgiving, the day before he would have watched the Iron Bowl, my father, Philip Coulter, died from COVID-19.

He was an amazing man. He taught me so many things. He taught me to be honest and fair. He taught me to think for myself.

When I hear people say you don't have to worry about COVID because it only affects old people or sick people, that's my father they're talking about. My father was 82. He wore his mask and avoided public places, but he had to go to physical therapy for his Parkinson's. He was careful --- but someone still infected him.

We can't protect our elderly unless we all pitch in.

I know that he would have died eventually. But he didn't have to die alone, in an ICU, struggling to breathe.

It's too late for my father, but it's not too late for others. If we all pitch in, if we wear our masks, if we stay home when we can, if we keep distance between ourselves and others, our efforts will make a difference for our elderly.

My father mattered.

There are a lot of people at risk right now who matter --- to themselves, and to their families and those that love them.

I don't want anybody to live in fear. I want us to live with compassion, live with love. Together we can get through this.

Thank you.
Pippa Abston